



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*PHILIP ACTON*

California Book Club

No. 1183

Date Oct. 18/89.

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LIBRARY

953

A 188



For out of olde felles al men seith  
Cometh al this newe countrie to pece  
And out of olde booke in good feith  
Cometh al this newe science that men love

**EX LIBRIS**  
**UM·DALLAM ARMES**





Armes



# SONGS AND SONNETS



PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
LONDON

# SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

PHILIP ACTON

*New Edition*



LONDON  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

AND NEW YORK : 15 EAST 16<sup>th</sup> STREET

1889

*All rights reserved*

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
CONGRESS

*TO THE MEMORY*  
*OF*  
*ELIZABETH ACTON*

396058



*When in your arms your mother you entwine,  
Parading all your paradise in view,  
As with a spear you pierce me through and through,  
Reminding me of her who once was mine  
And like your watchful angel would incline  
In silent admiration. Mine were, too,  
Those silver locks and eyes of tender blue,  
That fragile form and countenance divine.  
This is the one immedicable scar  
That will not heal, nor even healing crave,  
Which neither time nor balm of fortune rare  
Can cicatrise—yet I though pierced forgave,  
Seeing in yours, reflexion of the star  
That gilds for me my mother's silent grave!*



# CONTENTS

---

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Grace Darling</i> . . . .	I	<i>Constancy</i> . . . .	68
<i>Johnny's Grave</i> . . . .	7	<i>Dreaming and Waking</i> . .	70
<i>The Marmosets</i> . . . .	10	<i>To Clinton</i> . . . .	72
<i>An Old Maid</i> . . . .	12	<i>Kallista</i> . . . .	74
<i>The Sisters</i> . . . .	17	<i>The Semi-detachment</i> . .	77
<i>School</i> . . . .	20	<i>Stella</i> . . . .	79
<i>Ilicet</i> . . . .	22	<i>Harps and Hearts</i> . . .	81
<i>Astbury Bells</i> . . . .	24	<i>Three Brothers</i> . . . .	83
<i>Morecambe Bay</i> . . . .	27	<i>Stricken</i> . . . .	86
<i>The Loss of the 'Captain'</i> .	31	<i>To-morrow</i> . . . .	88
<i>Maximilian</i> . . . .	34	<i>Where?</i> . . . .	90
<i>Fatherland</i> . . . .	36	<i>The Wave</i> . . . .	93
<i>Sunday in the Desert</i> . .	39	<i>Enough</i> . . . .	94
<i>Memnon and his Mate</i> . .	42	<i>Music</i> . . . .	95
<i>Phila</i> . . . .	49	<i>The Nightingale</i> . . . .	96
<i>The Eremit</i> . . . .	53	<i>Jenny Lind</i> . . . .	97
<i>Ilion</i> . . . .	56	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . .	98
<i>A Valentine</i> . . . .	59	<i>Livingstone</i> . . . .	99
<i>To a Needle</i> . . . .	61	<i>Noblemen</i> . . . .	100
<i>The Violet</i> . . . .	63	<i>Ireland</i> . . . .	101
<i>Good-bye</i> . . . .	65	<i>The Silent Hour</i> . . . .	102



	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Christmas</i> . . .	103	<i>The Bible</i> . . .	115
<i>New Year's Eve</i> . . .	104	<i>Satan</i> . . .	116
<i>The Rainbow</i> . . .	105	<i>Hopes and Fears</i> . . .	117
<i>St. Paul's Bell</i> . . .	106	<i>Evolution</i> . . .	118
<i>The Irreparable</i> . . .	107	<i>Prayer and Praise</i> . . .	119
<i>The Bolted Door</i> . . .	108	<i>Praise and Prayer</i> . . .	120
<i>Vita Brevis</i> . . .	109	<i>The Two Rivers</i> . . .	121
<i>Vita Brevior</i> . . .	110	<i>The Star of Bethlehem</i> . . .	122
<i>Vita Brevissima</i> . . .	111	<i>Reveillée</i> . . .	123
<i>Burial</i> . . .	112	<i>The Coming Struggle</i> . . .	124
<i>The Church of England</i> . . .	113	<i>On Immortality</i> . . .	125
<i>The Deity</i> . . .	114	<i>Farewell!</i> . . .	139

Grace Darling

TUMULTUOUS rose the northern gale,  
The sea ran mountains high :  
Alike unfit to steam or sail,  
Beneath the midnight sky  
The leaking vessel drifted back  
For leagues along her former track.

She drifted back with wind and tide,  
Her engine out of gear,  
Striving through Piper Gut, inside  
The Farne, her course to steer,  
Then struck, with a terrific shock,  
And broke in two on Harker Rock !

B

Grace Darling in the Longstone lay,  
 But sleep her eyes forsook ;  
 All night the blast and driving spray  
 The stable lighthouse shook :  
 She thought amid that tempest wild  
 She heard the screaming of a child !

Ere break of day she roused her sire,  
 ' Father, I cannot sleep !  
 The storm is rising high and higher,  
 There 's drowning on the deep !  
 For I can hear above the gale  
 Some sinking creature's piteous wail !'

' Thou could'st not, child ! The wind would take  
 The sound another way,  
 'Tis but the shriek the sea-gulls make  
 At dawning of the day,  
 Or else the echo of the roar  
 Of breakers breaking on the shore !'

The father rose and swept the tide  
    And islands with his glass,  
Then closed it suddenly and cried,  
    ‘Why, Grace ! thou ’rt right, my lass !  
A steamer, drifting right astarn,  
Has gone to pieces on the Farne !’

‘Father ! be quick, and launch the boat !’  
    ‘Girl ! art thou light o’ brain ?  
Our little coble would not float  
    An instant on the main !’  
She wound her shawl about her neck,  
‘Father ! let’s try and reach the wreck !’

By pity and his daughter’s hope  
    More than his own consent,  
The man persuaded, loosed the rope  
    And forth the coble went,  
And through the sea’s tremendous trough  
The father and the girl rowed off !

Now all ye angels bending o'er  
The islands and the main,  
Spread your protecting wings before  
The noble-hearted twain !  
And Thou who bad'st the waves be still,  
Tame now their fury at Thy will !

The roaring billows crouched and leapt  
Impatient to devour,  
Then pausing cowed they backward swept,  
As by Almighty power  
Fled all the sea along their track,  
As if 'twere Jordan driven back !

The father plied a double oar,  
The girl a steering stroke,  
The ebbing tide was washing o'er  
The surf-enshrouded rock  
Where largely loomed upon their view  
The wretches of the shipwrecked crew !

Ashore alone old Darling leapt,  
Nor skill nor prudence lacked,  
While Grace herself the coble kept  
With head to sea intact,  
Lest the poor creatures on the cliff  
Should crowd aboard and swamp the skiff.

A woman one, had striven to save  
The infants at her breast,  
But they, beneath the seething wave,  
Lay peacefully at rest !  
Nor ever Grace beheld the child  
That waked her in that midnight wild !

And when with their united power  
The voyage back was made,  
And safely to the lighthouse tower  
The rest had been conveyed,  
'Twas she that inly grieved the most,  
Because the children had been lost !

And Grace herself for fifty years  
Has slept beneath the mould,  
Yet still with mingled pride and tears  
The story oft is told,  
A tale to loose a dumb man's tongue,  
And almost make an old man young !

### Johnny's Grave

A SUNDAY late I wandered round  
By contemplation led  
Where Brompton's living myriads bound  
Their city of the dead.  
Majestic tombs around me rose  
With many a sculptured niche,  
Where in their marble beds repose  
The noble and the rich.

There wandering on, at length I came  
To corners more obscure,  
Where crowded lie with scarce a name  
The undistinguished poor,



*JOHNNY'S GRAVE*

A simple mound to mark the spot  
Deformed by winter showers,  
With, here and there, a little knot  
Of faded summer flowers.

There chanced I on an infant's shrine  
That touched me to the quick,  
The tiny mound was kept in line  
By one small bended stick,  
A blackened board announcement made  
With letters scrambled o'er,  
That it presided o'er the grave  
Of 'Johnny aged four.'

Against that strip of mournful wood,  
As if in deep remorse  
And pity for its master, stood  
A broken wooden horse,  
And on a heap of shells thereat  
All tattered and forlorn  
There lay the little felted hat  
That 'Johnny' once had worn.

The paint is washed by frequent rain  
    From that afflicted nag,  
The hat defaced by rent and stain  
    Is nothing but a rag.  
A broken toy—a ruined hat—  
    A little heap of shells—  
And this is all of ' Johnny ' that  
    His mausoleum tells !

O Johnny! in the silent grave  
    Wherein thou dost recline,  
An elegy I would not crave  
    More eloquent than thine.  
It must have been an angel led  
    The hand, however coarse,  
That laid upon thy baby bed  
    Thy little hat, and horse !

## The Marmosets

THEY came from the land where the sunshine rare  
The forest primeval frets,  
And they crossed the sea under kindest care  
To be a fair lady's pets,  
Two young brothers, and they were a pair  
Of bright little marmosets.

They chattered and swung through the autumn days,  
Fed by their mistress' hand,  
And if ever they recked of the sun's bright blaze  
Or the joys of their native land,  
She gave them nuts, their spirits to raise,  
And nuts they could not withstand.

But winter came with its icy breath  
    To that hyperborean shore,  
And one fell night the demon of death  
    Entered their cage's door,  
And they shivered and curled their tails beneath,  
    Till one could uncurl no more.

And the other was seized with a deep dismay  
    When his brother never replied,  
So he gathered him up, all cold as he lay,  
    Hugging him close to his side,  
And he nursed that body a night and a day,<sup>1</sup>  
    Then himself curled up and died !

And their spirits have flown in that last embrace  
    To the realms they wandered from,  
Haply to haunt the umbrageous place  
    Where their brothers and sisters come,  
While their two little bodies are stuffed, in a case  
    In a Dorsetshire dining-room !

<sup>1</sup> A fact.

## An Old Maid

THE silence of the tomb  
Throughout the house its sovereignty keeps,  
Hush ! for at last in her close-curtained room  
My lady sleeps !

My lady sleeps, for she  
Was ready for repose and very tired,  
Sleep was for her the one felicity  
To be desired.

She had sat up too long,  
The flowers had faded and the lights were dim,  
Alike to her were hymeneal song  
And funeral hymn.

Her festival was o'er,  
She had tired out her partners, one by one,  
And though she long had bravely kept the floor,  
The dance was done.

'Twas dark and very late,  
Her drowsy eyes with weariness were red,  
Wherefore she would unrobe her of her state  
And so to bed.

Then, slowly were unbound  
The satin and the velvet and the lace,  
And all the jewelries were laid around  
Each in its place.

For fourscore years and more  
My lady had her constant vigil kept,  
Until at last her wakefulness was o'er,  
And then she slept.

To rouse her from her sleep  
Few have the will and none shall have the power,  
Though she hath fallen upon slumber deep  
Hardly an hour.

Like marble now she lies,  
For death has ironed from her placid brow  
The furrows Time had scored about her eyes  
With his long plough.

Her lips no longer part,  
Nor faintest murmur doth her bosom move,  
Her wasted arms are folded on her heart  
In peace and love.

Of that pacific breast  
The fountains never bubbled o'er with bliss,  
Child of her own ne'er knew within that nest  
A mother's kiss !

She lived and died unwed,  
No lover ever clasped her in his arms,  
Yet may ye mark upon her latest bed  
Her early charms.

Still ye may stand and trace  
The lineaments that nature had designed  
To be perpetuated in a race  
Of her own kind.

It was not so allowed,  
But think not therefore she was left alone,  
She was surrounded by a loving crowd  
No less her own.

What after all is death ?  
When 'tis the sleep of nature, free from pain,  
'Tis but the expiration of a breath  
Unbreathed again !



And what indeed is life ?

A little flower, a little day that blooms:

Though it escape the gardener's pruning knife,

The evening comes !

Yet on the midnight wind

Sometimes the withered vestiges are borne,

Leaving a sweet presentiment behind

Of coming morn !

## The Sisters

Nor in the bright noontide,  
    Not in the rain or snow,  
When it seems so cruel to turn aside  
And leave the loved one there to abide,  
    As the mourners homeward go,

But late in the afternoon  
    Of an exquisite autumn day,  
In the luminous haze of the setting sun,  
When the work of life was over and done,  
    And the shadows had vanished away.

Where like a dream on high  
    Hung Astbury's magic spire,

c

With its sacred fabric looming nigh,  
The battlements cut in the crimson sky  
And the windows all afire.

There, while the deep bell tolled  
And the organ tunefully played,  
Through the dead leaves heaped up brown and gold,  
She was tenderly borne to the upturned mould,  
And close to her sister laid.

It seemed but as yesterday  
That sister was laid in her tomb,  
And we thought we could almost hear her say  
With her deferent air, in her accents gay,  
'Sister, at last I come !'

We covered her over deep  
With flowers unbedewed by tears,  
We felt we had hardly need to weep,  
For why should she not be left to sleep  
After so many years?

Lives unto fame unknown !

Bound in sisterly cords,

Battled together the world alone,

True to each other, and now this stone

Only your name records !

## *School*

We bought him a box for his books and things,  
And a cricket-bag for his bat,  
And he looked the brightest and best of kings  
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train  
With a troop of his young compeers,  
And we made as though it were dust or rain  
Was filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see  
The sign of a sorrowful heart,  
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,  
And wondered when they would start !

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,  
For the boy was tender and kind  
But his was a world that was all before  
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not that his fluttering heart was cold,  
For the child was loyal and true,  
But the parents love the love that is old,  
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that Love is a flower  
That chiefly groweth down,  
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour  
As we drove back through the town.

## Ilicet

THE old, old house behind its silver trees  
Resounded with a concourse indistinct  
Of many voices like the hum of bees,  
Laughter and long-forgotten outcries linked  
With sound ' of weeping heard and loud lament,  
Confined within that ancient tenement.

Then all at once I heard, as in a dream,  
The sound of a familiar voice that spoke  
The word ' Ilicet,'<sup>1</sup> and as the bold stream  
Tumultuous bounds exulting from the rock,  
A sudden rush of babbling youth broke forth  
From that old-fashioned fountain in the North.

<sup>1</sup> You may go.

And some went down amid the jungle red  
With vigorous blood, some in the sea that scorns  
To render up the census of its dead,  
Others sank lifeless at the very horns  
Of pious altars, some at the dull shrine  
Of mammon deemed by mortals more divine.

And some, by evil, made themselves a name,  
Others, for good, disclaimed the name they had,  
And some received their recompense of shame,  
And some put on the purple that makes glad  
Successful souls,—but most put on the dress  
That makes invisible in nothingness.

Then last the reverend Master of the flock,  
In pastoral offices grown old and grey,  
Rose up himself, what time the word he spoke,  
And closed the door and slowly passed away.  
His work was done, 'Ilicet,' he is gone,  
And o'er the ancient school a spell is thrown !



## Astbury Bells

CHIME of my childhood, Astbury bells !

Sinking and swelling the live-long day,  
Deep in my bosom thy music dwells,  
Slowly and sadly passing away.

One, two, three, four, three, two, one,  
Chime of my childhood, where art thou gone ?

Many a couple by true love led

Have listened to thee in their blissful spells,  
In Astbury Church my parents were wed,  
And loved for ever the Astbury bells.

Three, two, one, four, one, two, three,  
Astbury bells, ye are sweet to me !

Gaily I trotted, a little lad,  
Over the Congleton hills and dells,  
Glad, yet knowing not why so glad,  
As danced my heart to the Astbury bells.  
Two, one, four, three, one, three, two,  
Still I dreamily listen for you !

Now my sons may follow, like me,  
The silvery sound of that matchless chime,  
Soon their sons as joyous may see  
That sacred spire of the olden time.  
Four, three, two, one, two, three, four,  
Dust of their fathers chiming o'er.

Still goes on the joining of hands,  
Still go up the funeral knells,  
Still goes on the ploughing of lands,  
Still bees hum to the sound of the bells.  
Three, four, one, two, four, two, three,  
Soon, ah ! soon they may toll for me !

Thus doth race succeed to race,  
Families rise and flourish and die,  
Sons grow up in their fathers' place,  
Sires at rest in the churchyard lie.  
One, two, three, four, three, two, one,  
Astbury bells go chiming on !

## Morecambe Bay

THE sky was overcast, and day  
Was closing both its eyes :  
Beneath the sands of Morecambe Bay  
The tide began to rise,  
When I, more headstrong than my horse,  
Set out at night upon my course.

A wilful man will go his way  
Forewarned but not forearmed,  
As late as this, a former day,  
I went the road unharmed :  
Though time was short, my steed was strong,  
And I was gay and both were young.

What if the path be false, methought,  
That leads the wanderer home,  
Be there but tender eyes to court  
His advent in the gloam,  
And loving lips to kiss away  
The crystals of the salt sea spray ?

But Morecambe sands are false indeed,  
Whose most insidious tide  
Like tiger crouching in his greed  
Steals up with silent stride,  
And long before I reached the shore  
It was upon me with its roar !

I saw the gravelly bottom stir,  
The sinuous channels steal,  
Till like a sheet of quicksilver  
The water passed my wheel,  
And, flooding over all, the sea  
Was level with my axle-tree !

It was a very fearful race  
That night the ocean ran  
Over its own abiding place,  
With me, a lonely man,  
A pallid man—a frantic steed,  
And none to help them in their need !

Before, behind, a watery waste !  
Beneath, a sinking shoal !  
The trembling beast, worn out at last,  
Was settling in a hole,  
And scarce a stone-cast from the shore  
'Twas mine to feel that all was o'er !

It was an instant deemed my last,  
And in that instant flew  
The panorama of my past  
Like lightning into view,  
With all the thoughts of all my years  
Like thunder pealing on my ears !

When suddenly across the night  
    There flashed a lantern's ray,  
A voice that cried, ' Drive to the right,  
    Drive to the right, I say !'  
And struggling through the quicks I turned  
And reached the bank, and safety earned !

And many a time of mortal strife  
    Since that deliverance I  
When struggling in the quicks of life,  
    Have heard that cheering cry,  
And seen that friendly lantern-light,  
And turned my footsteps—to the Right !

## The Loss of the 'Captain'

THE fleet was under sail,  
Close-order and close-hauled,  
When in an unpredicted gale  
The midnight watch was called  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !

They piped the middle watch  
In gusts of wind and rain,  
And cheerily from every hatch  
The seamen stepped amain  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !



She bent beneath the squall  
And she lay upon her beam,  
For the orders of the Admiral  
Were not to get up steam  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !

She heeled, and lurched, and then  
She rolled into the wave,  
And half a thousand Englishmen  
Had found a watery grave  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !

Yea ! half a thousand hands  
In half a moment lay  
Imbedded in the Spanish sands  
That bottom Vigo Bay,  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !

Yea ! half a thousand souls  
All gone aloft to join  
In glory with undaunted Coles  
And valiant Burgoyne,  
In the 'Captain' there,  
Off Finisterre !

**Maximilian**

HE rose up as the day was born  
Knowing it was his latest morn,  
And the mass was said, and duly shriven  
He fed on the sacred food of heaven.

He went forth in the morning sun,  
With eyes unbound, for he was not one  
To shrink from death with a veiled face,  
Or shudder to meet the *coup de grâce*.

Of the blood of the Hapsburgs he was bred,  
With holy oil upon his head.  
He could not waver, he would not wince,  
But died, as he always lived, a prince.

With steady eye and a tranquil brow,  
'To liberty, friends,' he said, 'we bow,'  
Then knelt him down, God help the word,  
On the liberty-loving Mexican sward.

And next he pressed, his lips between,  
The lineaments of his absent queen,  
Absent in mind and body both,  
And plighted anew his sacred troth.

And then he uttered the blessed word  
That marks the martyrs of the Lord,  
'Mexico ! mayst thou still be free !  
And, Lopez ! even I pardon thee !'

When the smoke of the volley had cleared away  
At the foot of the cross Maximilian lay.  
Mexicans ! worst of the devil's brood !  
What can ever wash out that blood ?

## Fatherland

WHAT is this English Fatherland ?  
Where do its lasting landmarks stand ?  
Not only in these isles of rain  
That float in the Atlantic main,  
Where clouds are constant, suns are rare,  
And winds are strong, not only there !

Not only where the tempests roar  
Around the rocks of Labrador,  
Or where the lengthening billows roll  
In icy pastures to the Pole,  
Where Arctic winters, bleak and bare,  
Perpetual reign, not only there !

Not only where the sun beguiles  
The children of the Western isles,  
Where Siren breezes woo the sail  
To rend in Caribbean gale,  
And Orinoco's steeds uprear  
Their fleecy manes, not only there !

Not only where the seas enthal  
The wild Kaffraria, or Natal,  
Or where Antarctic whirlwinds post  
Along the vast Australian coast,  
Or linger round Tasmania fair,  
With sounds of home, not only there !

Not only where the fountains play  
In Cashmere and the Himalaye,  
Where Ganges, Indus, downward pour  
Their golden streams to either shore,  
And soft Ceylon perfumes the air  
With spicy gales, not only there !

Nor tyrant sea nor slavish land  
Restrict our English Fatherland,  
Nor rivers bound nor lakes divide,  
Nor mountains sever in their pride :  
'Tis vain to ask or answer, where ?  
It is not here, it is not there !

'Tis where the fire of Freedom starts  
From steady eyes and steadfast hearts  
That, when the waves of license roll,  
Upheave the rock of self-control  
To stem, to shelter, and to bear,  
Our English Fatherland is there !

Where'er we stand, where'er we range,  
Our soil but not our soul we change ;  
Where hearts are true and eyes are pure,  
And hands are firm and faith is sure,  
Where life is sacred, love is grand,  
There is our English Fatherland !

## Sunday in the Desert

As I rode upon my camel  
In the Oriental land,  
Swinging and ringing,  
Across the desert sand,  
A phantasy of music  
Across my spirit stole,  
And I felt as though an angel  
Were singing to my soul !

The sun in all his fury  
Was pouring on my head,  
Weighing and slaying,  
Like a sheet of molten lead,



In the weary wady dazzled  
Or blinded with the chalk,  
All shadowless my camel  
Went slower in her walk.

'Twas then, on the horizon,  
I saw the silver sea,  
Whitening and brightening,  
Like a blest eternity,  
While on its bosom lonely  
Ships floated looming large :  
But I knew that it was only  
A vision of mirage.

Then too there rose around me,  
As if in happy dells,  
Swinging and ringing,  
The sound of Sunday bells.  
I saw the people bending  
Their heads beneath the glare,  
And my camel seemed as wending  
Her pious way to prayer.

But the church it was the wilderness

By mortals seldom trod,

And the preacher was a teacher,

And the Teacher it was God !

For the sabbath of the desert

Is every day in seven,

And the summons is unending

Of the bells that ring in heaven !

## Memnon and his Mate

ON Tèbe's vasty plain forlorn  
Day's earliest daughter yet unborn,  
Unseen as yet of laughing morn  
    The shadow of a smile,  
The croaking chorus tired and dumb,  
The temples largening in the gloom,  
Old earth was slumbering in her tomb  
    Beside the banks of Nile.

With fertilising largesse fraught,  
And secrets from the tropics brought,  
The weird waves glided swift as thought  
    And silently as time,

While through the leaves of spectral palms  
The night-wind sighed in feeble qualms,  
Expiring in its fitful psalms  
Of melancholy rhyme.

To shore the drooping Cangia clung  
With folded wing and yard unslung,  
A cradle of the Live among  
The chambers of the Dead,  
Nor was there breath enough to float  
The pennant of that river boat,  
To wake the firefly on the lote,  
The cicade on the blade.

It was the hour, nor night nor day,  
When if you fail, as old sheikhs say,  
To tell the white horse from the grey  
It is the peep of morn :  
But sheikh and steed had taken flight  
To realms of neither day nor night,  
And scoured the desert, out of sight,  
On wings of slumber borne.

'Twas such an hour, nor night nor day,  
When these my feet conspired to stray  
Along the pathless sacred way  
That girds dark Acheron,  
What time my heart with hope did beat  
That Memnon still might wake to greet,  
With olden music soft and sweet,  
Once more, the rising sun.

As o'er the fertile plain I pressed,  
A lark shot startled from her nest,  
And lo ! half-naked, from the West  
There came an Arab maid,  
A maiden like the morning star,  
Of gleaming eyes and clouded hair,  
Erect as Egypt's daughters are,  
With lupins on her head.

And as she neared, she seemed to me  
The Genius of antiquity,  
A swarthy Venus from a sea  
Of beans, and as we met

She drew her wimple, to deny  
Her graces to a stranger's eye,  
But hailed me with the ancient cry,  
‘Y’ Howàga salamet !’<sup>1</sup>

Then o’er the East a roseate hue  
Intense and yet intenser grew,  
Reflected in the flashing dew  
Through which my ankles trod :  
And as I laboured through the corn,  
The silver spikes of golden morn  
Shot sudden up, the world to warn  
It was the coming god !

There sat the everlasting Pair  
Full twenty cubits in the air,  
Each in his monumental chair,  
A superhuman pile !

<sup>1</sup> Salutation ! O, traveller !

A million morns had come and gone  
Since first those sentinels of stone  
Sat each upon his ponderous throne  
Beside the banks of Nile !

Graved on their massive feet sedate  
Were marks of the departed great  
Who, ages back, stood there to wait  
The strain at morning-tide :  
The asp of her that most fair queen,  
The quip of Grecian libertine,  
And Cæsar's symbol carved between  
His freedman and his bride !

A spark upon an eagle's wing !  
A palm-tree swiftly burnishing !  
And pregnant with the fervid ring  
The heavenly gates flew wide !  
Lifted their heads those heavenly gates,  
And all the cliff where Athor waits  
To clasp her monarch when he sets  
Was in the radiance dyed !

Then from each spacious brow, the cold  
And dusky curtain downward rolled,  
And all the statue, bathed in gold,  
Sent forth a sound that day.  
Whether my ears were sharply set  
Or Memnon did indeed abet,  
These are the strains that haunt me yet  
A thousand leagues away :

‘ When Egypt’s sun was on the wane,  
And fierce Cambyzes strove in vain  
To cleave my ponderous bulk in twain  
And pierce the warder’s heart,  
Then first Aurora failed to fire  
The golden sinews of my lyre,  
But hope was tardier to expire  
Than music to depart.

‘ No more my shattered bosom poured  
Sweet numbers from the fractured chord,  
To greet the old ascending lord  
Who mocked my scattered stones !



Yet though despair was all around  
I watched and waited on the ground,  
Still crouching, like the faithful hound  
That guards his master's bones !'

And so I hearkened, not in vain,  
That morn on Tèbe's vasty plain,  
But learned the lesson, to my gain,  
Of waiting long in woe,  
To watch with hope whate'er betide  
To wait with patience and abide,  
How long soe'er the ebbing tide,  
How late soe'er the flow !

## Nubia

FAR south, where the Nubian sandseas creep  
 To the brimming Nile,  
 And the scalpless boulders are piled on heap  
 In a bay where the torpid offspring sleep  
 Of the crocodile :

Where the gritstone echoes the wailing tide  
 On the Sakia racked,  
 And the ebony damsels, safe astride  
 On the bark of a palm-log, race and ride  
 Down the cataract :

Bright in the blaze of the mid-day glare  
 Or the moon-beam pale,

E

A desolate island floating there  
Levies a toll on the priceless air  
Of the shivering sail.

Cinctured round with a fringe of date,  
It is Pharaoh's Bed  
All but sunk with its temple freight,  
Vast, hypæthral, inordinate,  
Untenanted

Save by the lizard and sand-asp small,  
Save by the bat,  
And the monstrous giants that stride the wall  
Flanking the everlasting hall  
Where deities sat.

Two-crowned terrible Rameses see  
Brandishing rods  
Over a nation on bended knee,  
Up to the Pylon furiously  
Bearding the gods.

See from her barge on the sculptured wave

Cleopatra come !

The leman of Antony, fain to crave

Of the tutelar deities space for a slave

In her scornful womb.

Solemnly stalk the obsequious file

Of Ptolemy kings,

For a fruitful flow of the lagging Nile

Bribing the Nameless-one, with a pile

Of savoury things.

Nilus o'er water-plants busily prone

Binding a sheaf,

First of the orders of sculptured stone

Fashioning there in the simple one

Of the lotus leaf.

Ram-headed Amoun, whose mystery lies

Unfathomed, unsaid,

Ptha, the intelligent, Thoth, the all-wise,  
Sun-bearing Rè with the falcon eyes,  
And Crocodile-head.

Grappled to death with the Spirit of ill,  
In the cataract drowned,  
Blest Osiris, conqueror still  
In the rise of the life-laden waters that fill  
The valleys around.

Cow-horned Isis nursing her brood,  
Horus the young,  
Gleams of the Trine and the Holy Rood,  
And the deathless struggle of evil and good,  
Faintly pictured, as understood  
In an unknown tongue !

## The Hermit

IN a wild cleft of Sinaitic rock,  
Impracticable even for the flock  
Of wandering ibex, on a ledge too bare  
To lure the poisoning pirate of the air  
Or the light footfall of the midnight forager,

Two fetters and a ring, untouched it lay,  
As though it had been left there yesterday,  
The lengthened iron indicating well  
The posture of the hermit in his cell  
When in his last convulse its tenant fainting fell.

When he fell blinded with his matted mane  
And with the drops of agonising rain,

And the nude Nabathæan closed his eye,  
Saying, 'It is enough, now let me die !'  
His soul unshackling in a gasp of ecstasy.

If o'er the wan recesses of his face  
A mute attendant hovered for a space,  
It was the raven's grandsire, then decay  
And the fierce noontide bleaching, last the day  
Of sandstorm spiriting the vestiges away.

The tempests yearly in the south were born,  
Raking the Red Sea to its either horn,  
The single cypress on the mountain bowed,  
And all the surface shifted like a cloud  
Save the stern fragments of the hermit's iron shroud.

There through slow years it lay, and there it lies,  
On Djebel Mousa far from human eyes,  
And, if a casual foot have found it, mocks  
The pomp of tombs pretentious in the rocks,  
Of storied pride the parody—a paradox

Teaching that man resolved to dust again  
May best be deemed immortal in the chain  
He bore about him, in what form soe'er  
The universal fetters he may wear,  
Haply his mark on earth thereby may best appear.



**Ilion**

*(From the 'Hecuba' of Euripides.)*

TRUCE, Ilion, to thine ancient boast,  
Inviolatè no more,  
The lances of the Argive host  
Becloud thy landscape o'er,  
Thy coronet of towers is lost  
Amid the flames of war !

Midnight it was, when sleep's soft foot  
With drowsy pinion flies,  
The dancing-girl had left her lute  
To close her wearied eyes,  
The chorus-singer's voice was mute,  
Extinct the sacrifice.

Curled on the couch my husband lay,  
His javelin over-head,  
No more as if for sudden fray  
Beside his elbow laid.  
The Argive host had sailed away,  
’Twas confidently said.

I, in the gold-encircled glass  
That glittered far and wide,  
My last long amber-gleaming tress  
Within its fillet tied,  
Weary and faint, about to press  
The pillow at his side.

When, as devoted Troy slept on,  
There fell the sudden blow,  
And through her startled streets had flown  
The cheering of the foe,  
‘ Sons of the Greeks, sack, sack the town,  
And home at last we go ! ’

Forth from the sacred marriage-bed  
My swiftness I incline,  
Bare-kneed like Spartan maid I fled,  
To chaste Diana's shrine,  
Ah, me ! how little profited  
Those nimble feet of mine !

Spared but to see my husband lie  
Expiring in his blood,  
And doomed from Ilion's arms to fly  
An exile o'er the flood,  
I felt it was captivity,  
And fainted where I stood !

Cursed be the fatal Helen ! cursed  
Her direful paramour,  
Whose nuptials, like the storm-fiend, burst  
Ill-fated Ilion o'er ;  
Far from the home where she was nursed  
May she, like me, for ever thirst  
To see her native shore !

### A Valentine

OF such a lovely mother thou  
The daughter lovelier still,  
Which with the palm shall I endow?  
For which shall I the saintly vow  
Of Valentine fulfil?

For which shall I my blissful lays  
To kindling music set?  
Richenda's beauty, or the praise  
Of thee, O sprite of early days,  
Sweet little Margaret?

When first I saw thy mother's face,  
Ere bridal bells had rung,

The vision seemed so full of grace,  
It left me gazing into space  
And robbed me of my tongue.

Permitted now to venture near  
By kinder fortune blessed,  
My love can cast away its fear  
And admiration in her ear  
May boldly be confessed.

For then I watched her as a bright  
And vivid meteor soar,  
That flashed across my dazzled sight  
To disappear, and leave my night  
E'en darker than before.

But now I view her as a star  
Benignant, fixed and bright,  
And while she sheds her beams afar,  
I see thee clinging to her car,  
Thou little satellite !

## To a Needle

*(After Bonifonius.)*

WHY dost thou thus, O needle fierce,

So often and so sharply pierce

    The white hand of my love?

A hand as lustrous as the spray

Of whitethorn in the month of May

    That blossoms in the grove !

What have those little fingers done

To be tormented one by one,

    And made to bleed and smart ?

Ah ! it is not her finger quick,

Or tender hand that thou should'st prick,

    But her enamelled heart !

There deep and deeper drive thy sting,  
And should'st thou puncture it, I'll sing  
    Thy glory and thy praise,  
For thou would'st penetrate a heart  
Which Cupid's most insidious dart  
    Could never even graze !

## The Violet

'Twas no unfeeling hand, fair flower !

Cut short the parsimonious hour

    Ungenerous nature gave :

The eye that saw thy dainty charms

Expanding sweetly in her arms,

    Knows how to see and save !

'Twas Pity, that impending death

Should drain so soon thy fragrant breath

    And steal thy tints away,

While I a kind protectress knew

For thee, thou daughter of the dew,

    And darling of the day !



And Hope, that when thy beauty lies  
In odour faint beneath her eyes,  
    Thine innocence may plead  
For trembling me with her whose heart,  
Where'er accorded, must impart  
    A redolence indeed !

And Love, that, when to thy frail leaves  
My cynosure acceptance gives,  
    Her loveliness may see  
That pure as thy expiring sweets,  
And modest as thy beauty, beats  
    The heart expressed by thee !

### Good-bye

THE sun arose  
With gold upon his wings, but not for me  
Reluctant rising from a tired repose  
Did all his pioneers insensibly  
Their radiance disclose :

On my sad eyes  
The cloud that gathered o'er me in the night  
More darkly drove across my waking skies  
And interposed before the only light  
My day could recognise.

Vain birds to hear  
Intoxicated with the morning dew

F

Ring their tumultuous notes so loud and clear,  
As, to and fro, my casement past they flew,  
How could my heart-strings bear ?

The reckless wind  
That furrowed up the river in its trail,  
As if to mock the current of my mind  
Where over-swept a melancholy gale,  
How was it too unkind !

And yet a prey  
To keener pangs than these became my breast,  
When down at last I slowly made my way,  
And must dissemble at the world's behest  
And smiling wish 'Good-day' !

'Good-day !' 'good-night'  
For me 'twas rather ! Soon that night set in,  
The interval sequestered all my light,  
And day itself has since so darksome been  
That blindness were as bright !

A tender hand  
That pressed its 'God-be-with-you' on my brain,  
A snow-white signal as I turned, that fanned  
My sunrise to its noon,—and once again  
Came midnight o'er the land !

## Constancy

*(For music.)*

Nor only when the dawn is high  
And skies are shining clear  
And breezes tremble to a sigh,  
Upon thy listening ear  
My beating heart would testify  
That thou art dear !

Not only while thy life is gay  
And suns upon thee shine  
And gladness sheds its golden ray  
On that fair face of thine  
Where happy smiles so often play,  
I'd make thee mine !

But when the clouds, at midnight, form  
    Along the wintry coast  
And wild tempestuous gales deform  
    The landscape we have lost,  
Amid the darkness and the storm  
    I'd love thee most !

Not in thy brightest, briefest hour  
    My constancy I'd prove,  
But if thy youthful sky should lower  
    And grief thy bosom move,  
Then o'er thy fainting soul I'd shower  
    The largesse of my love !

## Dreaming and Waking

(Air—' *Sunday on the Rhine.* )

WHEN first I worshipt thee I kept  
     My secret from thy sight,  
 Or breathed it only as I slept  
     When dreaming in the night :  
 But now I know that thou art mine  
     From dreaming I arise,  
 For I can see that I am thine  
     By gazing in thine eyes !

By every glance, by every word,  
     By every lingering touch ;  
 I little thought thou couldst afford  
     To sacrifice so much :

And whether dreaming of thy sake  
Or waking, now I seem  
As though 'twere dreaming when I wake  
And waking when I dream !

I little dreamt thou wouldst for me  
Turn darkness into light  
Or hoped to realise in thee  
My vision of the night.  
No more I dream, for I proclaim  
My love without alarms,  
And publish thy beloved name  
While sinking in thine arms !



## To Clinton

*(After Martial.)*

THE things that make a perfect wife,  
O Clinton, dearest of my life,  
Are these : pure breath, a spotless skin,  
White teeth and quiet tongue within,  
Bright eyes, soft voice, a temper sweet,  
And dext'rous hands and nimble feet,  
Tresses well-kempt, a bosom fair,  
A love of water and of air,  
A deer by day, a mouse at night,  
Good pluck and healthy appetite,  
A housewife careful yet not mean,  
Nor sinking to a mere machine,  
In understanding not a fool  
Nor yet robust enough to rule,

To superstition not inclined  
Yet of a reverential mind,  
A Saxon of extraction good,  
Not of a too prolific brood,  
Younger in age, for fear thy moon  
Should wane too fast, or set too soon.  
Be charms like these with honour sought,  
Or rich or poor it matters naught,  
To thee, my son ! shall come to pass  
Such helpmate as thy father has.

**Callista**

WHAT thing art thou, so small and bright,  
So far beneath the point of sight,  
A female dot, an infant sprite,

So most minute and yet so fierce,  
So prepossessing yet perverse,  
So very sweet, or the reverse?

No such despotic queen e'er swayed,  
Was so obediently obeyed  
As thou, O microscopic maid !

I see thee in thy regal seat  
With dogs and men about thy feet,  
Preferring such as seems thee meet ;

Enforcing thy Draconian laws  
Amid tumultuous applause,  
Sometimes with smiles, sometimes with claws.

Or else I view thee in the mind  
To march in state, with all mankind  
Proceeding in thy train behind,

Observant of thy smile or frown  
And deeming it a high renown  
To lift thee, should'st thou tumble down.

Thou scrap ! to whom we all must bow,  
Poor hangers on thy fitful brow,  
A very 'Mede and Persian' thou !

But, little maid, the days are nigh  
When thou must put thy sceptre by  
And abdicate thy monarchy.

When thou must quit thy royal state,  
Adopt a less unsteady gait,  
Be bashful and articulate.

Yet still, if poets rightly claim  
The maid's the mother of the dame,  
Thou wilt not disavow thy name,

Still sweet though sharp, if captious, kind,  
Still always mistress of thy mind,  
The womanliest of womankind !

## The Semi-detachment

GOOD-BYE ! small house, good-bye !

Though weak in roof and rafter,

I would not tell a lie

To him who cometh after ;

I could not meet a charge of guilt

Were I to say thou wert well-built !

Yet art thou sweet, though small,

Yet art thou dear, though cracked,

While fearing thou might'st fall,

Our faith remained intact

And lived, superior to our fears,

For seven swift matrimonial years.

Good-bye ! old house, good-bye !

I brought my bride to thee,

In thee I taught to fly

My little nestlings three,

So how can I from thee depart

Without a sinking at my heart ?

Soaring to other fields,

To woods and pastures new,

E'en if the prospect yields

A happiness as true,

We scarce can be more brightly blest

Elsewhere than here, thou ill-built nest !

Come then whate'er betide

Hid in the future's womb,

I and my seven-years bride

Will love our earliest home !

Good-bye ! thou ill-constructed cot,

We love, but recommend thee not !

*Stella*

WHEN life is dark and love is crossed  
And friends have failed and fame is lost,  
While daily labour drags the mind  
And hopes are scattered to the wind,  
To thee I turn, nor ever yet  
Have turned with anguish or regret.

Not only thine to smooth and spread  
The pillow for a fevered head,  
Or with an infinite address  
To minister to weariness,  
But thine, with deeper art, to bind  
The wounds of a distempered mind.



While others with my name make free,  
My secret soul is known to thee,  
The ill, the doubtful, and the good  
Not only known, but understood,  
The ill ignored, the doubtful deemed  
Or good, or better than it seemed.

O constant star, attracting back  
The needle of my devious track !  
O faithful pilot at my helm  
When storms arise and seas o'erwhelm !  
O pearl of price, enough to own  
Though all my worldly gear were gone !

Let others boast of wealth or fame  
Or power or rank or ancient name  
Or intellect, I care not which,  
With thee alone I too am rich,  
Distinguished, learned, wise and great,  
To none of them subordinate !

## Harps and Hearts

OFT unseen, in silence broken,  
Harps untouched will start,  
Oft, for want of words unspoken  
Breaks a lonely heart.

Wanton words, like careless fingers,  
Make discordant strain,  
Yet if but the feeling lingers,  
Hearts resound again.

Noisy tongues, like summer thunder,  
Only clear the air,  
Hearts, like harps, break only under  
Lack of light and care.

G

Left unstrung, untouched, untended,  
This is why they part,  
This why breaks, in anguish ended,  
Many a lonely heart.

Hearts, like harps, may lose their brightness,  
Gaining in their tone :  
Let it not be then with lightness  
They be left alone !

### Three Brothers

I HAD three brothers to me born.  
We played together under the thorn  
To the dewy eve from the dewy morn.

One was silver and two were gold,  
Two were timid and one was bold,  
All were loving—and all are cold.

One in sorrow and fear was nursed  
Till into a golden blossom he burst,  
And he smiled the sweetest and died the first.

We cut his name upon the thorn,  
And played on still, to eve from morn,  
As if our brother had never been born,

As if our brother had never died,  
So passionate-hearted and tender-eyed,  
Of girls the darling, of boys the pride.

One lived longer and laughed aloud,  
Shouldered his way in the gaping crowd,  
With the face of a sun that knows no cloud.

He was silver and he was strong,  
He was a man mankind among,  
But ah ! though loudly, he laughed not long !

Ever would soar and soar too high,  
As if he never could live to die :  
And he fell like Phaëton out of the sky !

What shall I say of the last of the three  
With his golden hair, so timid was he  
And tall, and shrouded in mystery ?

He, as proud as the son of a king,  
Tender withal as a breeze of spring,  
Weak as a wearied wild-bird's wing,

Wrapt himself in a scornful shroud,  
Broke in his brooding, never bowed,  
Lived in a dream and died in a cloud.

So there they sleep in their beds below,  
One, two, three, in a silent row,  
Where the moon-beams creep and the grasses grow.

There they sleep the sleep of the blest,  
Sleep on now, and take their rest,  
One, two, three, on their mother's breast !

### Stricken

HE held her in his trembling hand  
Or wandered to and fro,  
Nor, to the last, would understand  
That she could really go.

And when she lay among the slain,  
He would not weep, nor die,  
But went about the world again  
With unaverted eye.

He talked of this, he talked of that,  
Still wandering to and fro,  
And scarcely seemed to marvel at  
The fierceness of the blow.

He would not change his household ways  
Nor care nor pity claim,  
But made believe, for thirty days,  
That he was still the same.

And then he laid him down and died  
Within a winter's sun,  
Rocking himself to sleep beside  
His youngest, dearest one.

Like some poor bird that flies a mile,  
Though stricken to the heart,  
He dropped—and yet 'twas with a smile  
We watched his soul depart.



### To-morrow

THROUGH the valley of our smiling and our sorrow,  
Like an unimpeded ever-rolling river,  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Our lives are ebbing oceanwards for ever !

And yesterday, and yesterday, is flying  
In the dimness of the deadness of the past,  
Like a lake upon a lake behind us lying  
While the darkness of the night is falling fast !

And to-day is ever coming, ever going,  
For the present is a figment of the brain,  
And the river never tarries in its flowing  
Nor a wave shall wash its former bank again.

We live as if the world were ours for ever,  
We die as though we left the world a blank !  
But the landscape never lacks its ancient river,  
And the river never lacks its ancient bank.

The bell upon the bar is ever tolling,  
And again we hear the warning and again  
Forgotten is the river's onward rolling,  
Forgotten is its melting in the main !

And still upon the present do we borrow,  
Though the present is the future, or the past,  
And to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Shall land us in eternity at last !

# Where ?

*(After Heine.)*

O ! WHERE at last for ever  
 Shall the wanderer recline,  
 By the palms of some south river  
 Or the lindens of the Rhine ?

Shall I some desert under  
 Be laid by stranger hands,  
 Or where the wild waves thunder,  
 Sleep silent in the sands ?

Ah well ! God's heaven will cover me  
 With its resplendent arc,  
 And the stars will hang all over me  
 Like death-lamps in the dark !

## SONNETS



## The Wave

WAVE of my soul, that washed for many a day  
The coastline of my stormy life's campaign,  
Now mantling high, then melting in the main,  
Now flowing fast, then ebbing far away,  
Oft have I seen the sun's effulgent ray  
With gold and blue thy breast transparent stain,  
Or felt thee sprinkling in the wind and rain  
Upon my fevered brow thy soothing spray.  
Now memory, like a slow revolving light,  
Is all that's left on my horizon's rim,  
First swiftly shining, penetrating, bright,  
Then gradually fading, growing dim,  
For I have seen thee break upon the shore,  
Where I again may never wander more !

## Enough

ENOUGH ! I'll seek no longer to persuade,  
Nor wake this idle tumult in her breast :  
From this unwelcome onset I will rest  
And raise a siege that is a mere blockade.  
But though my worship from her daylight fade,  
Let love be still her guardian, peace her guest,  
Nor adverse fate her happiness molest,  
Nor anxious cares her loveliness invade.  
Only I would that in the midnight hour  
To musing dear, when dreaming of the past,  
She would a backward glance upon me cast  
As one who offered her a faded flower,  
And sometimes, in her sleep, remember one  
Who loved her for herself, herself alone !

## Music

I ASKED my teachers Music to define :

One said it was the tickling of an ear :

Another, that it was the atmosphere

Disturbed by little wavelets, that combine

And follow in a sympathetic line

Our beating hearts : another, with a sneer,

Turned to a nightingale that warbled near,

And said it was of sex an outward sign.

But I believe it is the gift of God,

To lift a man above his low desire

And animate his dense terrestrial clod

With an electric spark of heavenly fire,

And rouse him, like a skylark from the sod,

To sing the sweeter as he mounts the higher !



## The Nightingale

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou chorister of spring,  
     Thou harbinger of summer ! when I hear  
     Thy silver piping in the moonlight clear,  
     I too, like all the better bards, must bring  
 My little wreath of roses to the king  
     Of songsters ; but I hold thee not so dear  
     For the mere delectation of my ear,  
     As for the loving lesson thou dost sing,  
 Who dost transform the vacillating May  
     Into a constant summer for thy mate,  
     Though won, not therefore to be no more wooed,  
 Consoling her by night as well as day  
     With sweet proximity and passionate  
     Outpouring of thy love's solicitude !

## Jenny Lind

WHERE Malvern's Wynd surveys two counties o'er,  
    Bowered on the point beneath the Beacon's height,  
    I realised my vision of delight  
    In listening to the queen of song once more.  
Her lustrous eyes beamed tender as of yore,  
    Still throbbed her throat pulsating in my sight,  
    Not with her note sustained that woke the night  
    And filled the world with ecstasy before,  
But with her gently-warbling swift refrain,  
    As sitting with her grandchild on her knee  
    She poured her soft enchantments in his ear.  
Sweet Nightingale ! the memory of that strain,  
    Still floating down the age, shall hence to me  
    Be doubly bright and more than doubly dear !

H

## Shakespeare

It is not only that he played upon  
    The human heart with an omniscient grace,  
    From lightest treble down to deepest bass  
    Extracting every undeveloped tone,  
And made the music of the spheres his own,  
    Not that he held a million-mirrored glass  
    To nature, and reflected every face  
    In incomparable comparison,  
Nor that, like lark, to heaven he could aspire,  
    Descending sweetly singing to the ground,  
    But that, with everlasting glory crowned,  
He put aside his bays and would retire  
    To the dear Stratford that he loved so well,  
    To live and die beneath his old school-bell !

## Tibingstone

WHERE rolls the imperious circle of the sun  
     Relentless in his equatorial car  
     To Senegambia from Zanzibar,  
     I saw a grey gaunt figure, marching on  
 A pilgrimage that never shall be done,  
     Around his head a swift-revolving star,  
     Which the whole canon of the calendar  
     Might deem it greater glory to have won :  
 While all the people that in darkness stood  
     Saw in the shining of that wandering light  
     The banner of their liberty unfurled,  
 And heard the gospel of their brotherhood  
     Proclaimed amid the blackness of the night  
     That broods upon a quarter of the world !

## Noblemen

Who are indeed our noblemen? Not they  
Who thunder in the senate, or who lead  
Our armaments to battle, or precede  
Their fellows in their counties, bearing sway  
In hunting field or fashion's roundelay,  
But they who for their poorer brethren plead  
And help their humble neighbour at his need,  
Nor, like the Priest and Levite, turn away.  
Immortal Shaftesbury! who thought'st it fame  
To drill thy ragged infantry and warm  
Their shivering souls with pitying love profound,  
Or thou who bear'st the bard-ennobled name  
Of Anson, he whose voice could pierce the storm,  
Yet tremble at the tale of one man drowned!

## *Ireland*

**THERE** floats an isle on the Atlantic main  
 Set nobly, mild the air and green the sod,  
 Designed to be an appanage of God  
 Yet doomed to an inheritance of pain,  
 And branded with the cruel mark of Cain,  
 That bids it court and kiss yet curse the rod.  
 He who in ecstasy that land hath trod  
 Still worships it and woos it though in vain.  
**Ireland !** I love thee for thy rocks and streams,  
 Thy beauty and thy prowess and renown,  
 Yet weep to see thee wrapt in idle dreams  
 From which if thou shouldst fitfully awake  
 'Tis but to writhe round some insidious clown  
 Who flatters thee and tames thee like a snake !

## The Silent Hour

AFTER my day's long labour has been done,  
 And all the evening's busy-ness is o'er,  
 When lights are out, and chirping is no more,  
 And wrapt in slumber lies each little one,  
 Then is my secret paradise begun,  
 And with a constant though a slender oar  
 Urging my bark in silence, I explore  
 Delightful climes forbidden to my sun.  
 There all my troubles I forget, and tune  
 My oaten reed in ecstasy to make  
 Its feeble pipings in the Muse's bower ;  
 And whether it be January or June,  
 The echoes of that other life I wake  
 For one brief blissful solitary hour !

## Christmas

WHETHER the year descends into its grave  
O'ermantled in a winding sheet of snow,  
Or whether disobedient flowerets blow,  
Or boisterous winds across the welkin rave,  
And blinding showers the empyrean lave,  
Still Christmas comes, as came he long ago,  
With hoary locks and eyeballs all aglow,  
Flooding our breasts with a pacific wave  
Of sweet celestial music, while we hear  
Our children's voices sounding loud and gay  
And church-bells chiming softly on the ear,  
Reminding us of many a Christmas-day  
Still echoing with those other voices dear  
Now dead in dust, and lost, and past away !



## New Year's Eve

MAKE not for me, O monitory chime !

Thy music intermixt of prayer and praise :

Let the old year die down with all his days,

Let the new year come forth in early prime.

To me thy message brings no thought sublime :

Mine is no intermittent soul, to gaze

On epochs or on eras or upraise

A superstitious eye to Father Time.

Love is my life and years are not its token,

Mine is a constant chain of life and love,

Some links may not be forged, and some are broken,

And some are welded with the stars above,

But some are round my neck or on my knee,

So ring not, O ye midnight bells, for me !

## The Rainbow

WHEN autumn changes all the green to gold,  
And coral berries cluster on the thorn,  
While infant winter winds his moaning horn  
And swallows all have fled the coming cold,  
What time the year is growing weak and old,  
I see the spirit of my brother borne  
Upon the wings of Stygian gales forlorn.  
Then ask I in an agony untold,  
'O Wilfrid ! why in springtime didst thou come,  
So early in our summertide to go ?'  
When suddenly there breaks across my gloom  
The majesty of the meridian glow,  
And through the tears that rain upon his tomb  
I see the bright effulgence of the Bow.

## St. Paul's Bell

As daily to my destined task I go  
By Ludgate's ancient scrap of London wall  
I hear the mighty tolling of St. Paul  
Sound through the city tunefully and low.  
Then all the tides of memory o'er me flow  
Whilst I the chimes of other days recall,  
The old school-bell of Congleton—the small  
Quick stroke of Wadham—and the sisters slow  
Of New—what time my tingling ear-tips burn  
And idle tears determine to mine eyes  
From thoughts too deep to drown, too dear to tell,  
Of halcyon days that never shall return,  
Friends loved and lost, and opportunities  
Gone like the echo of a passing bell !

## The Irreparable

THE tears that fall upon the whispering tomb

Of those we love are not the tears that stain :

Furrow the cheek they may, but not with pain,

So long as through the veil sweet memories come

And love that dies not permeates the gloom.

It is not Death that rends our hearts in twain

And leaves us hopeless, sorrowing in vain,

In anguish steeped, with desolation dumb.

The immedicable tears are those that fall

Upon the silent and reproachful grave

Of those we wronged, and would that wrong recall,

Yet ere from whom forgiveness we could crave

Death came with his cold hand and closed the door

And left us unforgiven for evermore.

## The Bolted Door

As one by one the lights go slowly out  
Of lamps that shone for me in days of yore,  
Dumbly I gaze upon the bolted door  
That shuts and leaves me in the crowd without.  
Then, if I ponder on the past, I doubt  
Whether the love that compasseth me o'er  
Can be compared with that which went before :  
Till I am roused by some tumultuous shout  
Of youthful voices breaking on my ears,  
While the great tide of life around me roars  
And wakes me from my fond and idle dream.  
Then once again I gather up my oars  
To keep my bark abreast the flowing stream  
And row me on in silence and in tears.

**Vita Brevis**

MAN's life at best is but a summer sun  
That imperceptibly reveals the morning,  
With rosy tints the universe adorning  
Until it centres in a glorious noon  
Of light and light unlimited ; but soon  
While yet the clouds its steady rays are scorning  
The shadows lengthen, with a silent warning  
That evening shall succeed to afternoon ;  
Then milder beams illuminate the sky  
And drowsy whispers permeate the air,  
While dim forebodings haunt the dying day,  
And owls begin to hoot, and bats to fly  
And stars to peep, till in a twilight rare  
E'en as it rose, it slowly fades away !

## Vita Brebior

How few there are complete their mortal coil !

For either canker nips us in the bud,

Or we are blighted in our plenitude,

O'ermastered in some miserable broil,

Or murdered in division of the spoil :

Yea ! even struggling for a livelihood,

In making a provision for our brood,

We sink beneath the Juggernaut of toil !

By accident of flood or fire or field,

Or by disease bequeathed us by our sires

Or self-engendered by our youthful fires

Or later lusts, the afternoons of men

But rarely to a tranquil evening yield

Their complement of threescore years and ten !

## Vita Brebissima

WHAT a brief space of time we occupy !

We live beloved, and when we are no more,  
There shall be those who will their loss deplore  
With broken hearts and speechless agony :

It may be years before their tears are dry,

But Life at length will have its balm in store.  
Time limits love ! for who could languish o'er  
The tomb of his forefather ? even I

May live to feel not some small future limb

Lopt from my trunk ! the present, it shall praise,  
The past is fading and the future dim :

Pursue them far enough, the brightest rays

Will tremble with an evanescent light  
And vanish in impenetrable night !



## Burial

WHEN I shall sink in everlasting sleep  
Place not my vestiges upon a pyre  
To be consumed by scientific fire,  
Nor plunge them in the whirlpools of the deep,  
Nor raise around my residue a heap  
Of brick or stone or plumbers' work, to tire  
And cheat the little worm of his desire  
About his poor inheritance to creep :  
But lay me deep within my mother's breast  
In such slight coverture as shall embower  
Yet not withhold me from her fond embrace :  
There let me naturally take my rest  
With her embroidered mantle o'er my face,  
Tissued with many a sprig and tiny flower !

## The Church of England

On the lashed bosom of a sunlit sea,  
What time the bell upon the bar was tolling,  
I saw a noble Vessel slowly rolling  
Among the hidden breakers, all a-lee,  
Split sails, sprung masts, and drifting helplessly,  
No captain o'er her crowded deck patrolling,  
No steersman her insane career controlling,  
Only a foolish vain ship's company.  
'Twas not the tempest drove her to her doom,  
'Twas not the tide that washed them to their death,  
'Twas not the want of compass or sea-room,  
But mutiny the hatches underneath,  
And ignorance that mocked the coming gale,  
And folly, in a whirlwind carrying sail !

## The Deity

THE fool hath ever said within his heart,  
     ‘ There is no God ! ’ and wise indeed were he  
     Who could elucidate the Deity !  
     We pray, ‘ Our Father which in heaven art,’  
 Contented to the vision to impart  
     The attributes of our paternity,  
     Or picture Him a judge in equity,  
     King, tyrant, or our own poor counterpart :  
 While wider minds deny the personal,  
     Conceive Him as a law, or wonderful  
     Concomitant of Nature, a fly-wheel  
 To regulate the engine, till they peel  
     The image down to be no God at all,  
     And so the wisest is the greatest fool !

## The Bible

Not as our fathers viewed it, a Kuran  
Found in a cave, delivered in a dream,  
But as a splendid Library we deem  
These inspirations of immortal man.  
Though sealed the fount in which its course began,  
The origin of its transcendent theme,  
This argosy has floated down the stream  
Of time uninjured. Scatter ye who can  
The precious cargo, it shall naught avail :  
For though it glowed with no celestial fire  
It still would be the gospel of our race,  
Proclaiming ever the inspiring tale  
Of human resolution to aspire  
To the expression of a god-like grace !

## Satan

SERPENT, or Spirit, whatsoe'er thou art,  
Commander of the rebel caravan  
That fell before the universe began,  
Or migratory fiend, that strives to thwart  
The struggling germ of virtue in the heart,  
And vitiate the great Creator's plan,  
Yea ! even pictured as a gentleman  
Who plays a soft and diplomatic part.  
These are the images wherewith the mind  
Would fain impute to some extraneous source  
Our treachery, our lustfulness, our greed,  
The selfish abnegation of our kind,  
Our ignorance, our impotence, our need,  
Our misery, our madness, our remorse !

## Hopes and Fears

As children must be taught in tender years  
    Their little wayward fancies to restrain  
    By promised pleasure or by threatened pain,  
    And wise alternatives of hopes and fears,  
So in our ignorance the world appears  
    Best governed by alternate spur and rein.  
    But if mankind should gradually attain  
    Hereafter to the elevated spheres  
Of knowledge and of reason, we shall woo  
    The good and shun the evil, not in view  
    Of penalty or pleasure, but because  
We come to comprehend that what we do  
    Itself is pure and beautiful and true  
    And consonant with the eternal laws.

## Evolution

WHY should we cavil at the thought that He  
Who clothed us with this complicated form  
Perfected it, through troglodyte, from worm  
And dust, its origin and destiny ?  
His is a feeble faith who cannot see  
That the Divine Creator can perform  
His work as well in silence as in storm,  
And more by steps than by catastrophe.  
Which are the sceptics ? they who deem their God  
Catastrophist, or they who trace His hand  
In all His works of sky and sea and shore ?  
He may create a system with a nod,  
But He doth also aggregate the sand  
Until it makes a mountain evermore !

## Prayer and Praise

WHY pray or praise ? our God who governs all,  
 Better than we knows everything we want,  
 The ill denies, the good will ever grant :  
 Will He reverse His fiat when we call,

Or be persuaded by a madrigal ?  
 For being eulogised will He recant,  
 Or importuned review His covenant ?  
 Doth He desire a testimonial ?

O ye of little faith ! know prayer and praise  
 Are the two pinions poised on which we rise  
 From our close burrows to the balmy air !  
 Though clouds impervious hide the blue profound,  
 'Tis better to be soaring in the skies  
 Than grovelling mute and hopeless on the ground !



## Praise and Prayer

THE reckless lark that riots in the sky,  
The nightingale that pipeth in the grove,  
The plaintive plover and the pleading dove  
Praise all or pray, nor ask the reason why  
And why should man alone of all deny  
His joyful anthems to the powers above,  
With heart as full of melody and love,  
Nor raise aloft a supplicating eye ?  
For even though the basis of our breath  
Be physical, in all the joys of life  
We still may sound a little note of praise,  
And in the dust and tumult of the strife,  
Or in the hour and agony of death,  
A little prayer we surely may upraise !

## The Two Rivers

WHEN I the watershed of life had won,  
I saw two ancient rivers flowing free  
Into the ocean of eternity  
That sparkles in the everlasting sun.  
Through life's wide plain those rival rivers run :  
This is the torpid stream of bigotry,  
And that the race of infidelity.  
The mind of logic must embark on one,  
Whence come those fearful struggles of a soul  
Too conscientious for a compromise  
And loth to launch on either, yet perforce  
On this or that such little barks must roll,  
While in their wake the following waters rise  
To overwhelm with stupor, or remorse !

## The Star of Bethlehem

WHEN the scared mariners by Paxos' coast  
    Heard in the lull the lamentable cry  
    Proclaiming Pan was dead, did they deny  
    Or disbelieve the news that all was lost ?  
No ! though had vanished all they valued most,  
    They boldly steered beneath the midnight sky  
    And followed, with a flowing sheet, where high  
    The Star of Bethlehem o'erode the host  
Of spangled heaven, and there, behold ! they found  
    A brighter God, who in the straw unfurled  
    A more transcendent banner, and was crowned  
Thenceforth to be the sovereign of the world !  
    But if another midnight voice should mar,  
    Where shall we find another guiding star ?

*Reveillée*

SLEEPERS awake ! the night is slowly dying  
The dawn is breaking on a thousand hills,  
The truth is trickling in a thousand rills,  
The phantoms of the past are swiftly flying,  
The idols ignominiously lying  
Deep in the dust of self-deluded wills :  
The legendary righteousness that fills  
Our bosoms with uncertainty and sighing,  
The ignorance that knows not, cares not why,  
The cowardice that trembles at the firing,  
The selfishness that truckles to a lie,  
The prejudice that interdicts enquiring.  
Did God give mind then but to dig a grave  
Wherein to bury all the gifts He gave ?

## The Coming Struggle

THE crisis is approaching, and the day  
Of combat—Hark ! for even now I hear  
The sharpening of the battle-axe and spear,  
The noise confused of warriors, and the neigh  
Of chargers champing eager for the fray,  
With trumpets sounding in the midnight drear.  
What is the war-cry that is bringing near  
The armaments to battle ? not the sway  
Of empires, or of churches, with their strife  
Of petty rubrics, but the very right  
Of the Almighty to His ancient throne,  
The vindication of the Gospel light,  
The origin and destiny of life,  
Truth, and our knowledge of the great Unknown !

## On Immortality

### I

HE stood upon an eminence that faced  
The great Acropolis, where fame had reared  
Her world-wide monuments, and art appeared  
Immortal in its prodigies of taste,  
And there he made a grand oration, graced  
With Greek philosophy that deftly steered  
Between the old Pantheon still revered  
And later types of teaching less debased.  
'O men of Athens ! ye are nobly prone  
'To immaterial worship, for I found  
'An altar sacred "To the God Unknown !"  
'Whom knowing not ye worship, I expound.'  
But when he spake of rising from the dead,  
The Stoic only sneered at what he said !

## II

NEITHER the resurrection of the form

Nor the resuscitation of the soul

The Greek had looked for :<sup>1</sup> had he heard the whole,

The sneering would have swelled into a storm !

Not only that a man had robbed the worm,

Evading the inevitable goal,

But that the heavens had parted like a scroll,

While he, amid an upward-gazing swarm

Of witnesses, had mounted to the sky

In all the panoply of flesh and blood

Wherein he lived and died and rose before !

The Stoic then the Christian mystery

In its entirety would have understood,

And either sneered or stormed—or marvelled more !

<sup>1</sup> The Stoic philosopher believed in the absorption of the soul in the divine essence, the Epicurean, in its extinction.

## III

AND this is still the problem to be solved,  
Which to the Greek was not demonstrated,  
If Christ be now not risen from the dead,  
Since every frame must be to dust resolved,  
Whether the spirit also is dissolved  
Like wind, or vapour brief, evanishèd,  
Or whether it shall breathe again and spread  
Its essence from its earthliness absolved :  
Whether we bear within this fragile frame  
A light that shall survive its lantern's fall  
In some celestial sphere to shine again,  
Or whether 'tis a temporary flame  
That, like a fire-fly, sinks into the main,  
Extinguished at its little funeral.



## IV

THIS is the thought that hath aroused our race  
Time immemorial, the fear of death,  
The hope of life—resumption of our breath  
For pain or pleasure in another place :  
To bear the penalty of our disgrace  
Exacted by severe Almighty wrath,  
Or float in bliss on some celestial path  
That leads us to eternity in space :  
Or failing these, the deep instinctive dread  
Of mere annihilation, our despair  
At the extinction of the conscious I,  
At being wholly and for ever dead,  
As if the individual never were,  
The perfect vacuum of nonentity !

## V

WHEN we enquire, How raised up are the dead,  
And with what body do they rise again?  
The illustration of the bursting grain,  
Producing each its homogeneous blade,  
Would seem the actual issue to evade,  
For it assumes the kernel shall remain,  
Although the husk to disappear is fain,  
Whereas the body doth entirely fade,  
And whether it be incremate by fire,  
Or whether it dissolve beneath the wave,  
Or whether it disintegrate in clay,  
No germ survives to quicken and inspire  
Aught save the petty grasses of a grave,  
Or ocean weeds that in their turn decay !

K

## VI

WHY now should a philosopher <sup>1</sup> fear death?

He is no true philosopher who loves  
Life and the body's pleasure, for it proves  
What mean conception of delight he hath.

Man oft abstains from pleasure, in the faith  
Of gaining pleasure he the more approves,  
The pleasure being still the power that moves  
His willing feet along the stony path,

Enjoyment being still the crucial test :

And so the true philosopher pursues  
The future more than the immediate gain,  
And when his largening sun slopes slowly west  
And he the illimitable ocean views,  
He sets in certain trust to rise again !

<sup>1</sup> See *Phædo* of Plato.

## VII

To crave to know the things not understood,  
    To gain the knowledge we possess not now,  
    The why, the whence, the whither, and the how,  
    Is this not now a more ennobling mood?  
To stand where the divine Creator stood,  
    Emerging from this miserable slough  
    With His eternal seal upon our brow  
    Of perfect knowledge and completed good?  
To float in space on an untiring wing,  
    Discharged from this demoralising war  
    To everlasting peace where planets shine?  
To join the sons of morning where they sing  
    In chorus, on some undiscovered star,  
    Their anthems to their ancestor divine?

## VIII

OR is it worse or better, if we rise,  
Or fall, to such a consequence as this,  
To quit this hankering after endless bliss  
(So we be free from endless agonies) ?  
The full conception of self-sacrifice  
All selfish inclination must dismiss,  
As Curtius gallopt into the abyss,  
Or Sappho vaulted from the precipice.  
To abnegate our hope of future life,  
Our cherished aspirations to resign,  
To fall like loyal warriors in the strife,  
And quarter on the battle-field disdain,  
Is this not a conception more divine  
Than selfish hope of living o'er again ?

## IX

BUT if we must at any cost attain  
    To this long-looked-for immortality,  
    Is there not an elixir in the eye  
    That shines with love for those who shall remain  
And for the long unknown unknowing train  
    Who yet shall live, to suffer and to die,  
    Through human nature's future history?  
    To mitigate the average of pain,  
To spend a glorious life in doing good,  
    Even to say a word, or write a line  
    That may alleviate another's gloom,  
To weave a single strand of brotherhood,  
    To leave a cherished name, a sacred tomb,  
    Is this not now a destiny divine?

## X

OR else to sleep !—O beatific word  
    To those who through the night their vigils keep,  
    Or in the morning only wake to weep  
    For days despaired of or for days deplored !  
Though not a stone the corner should record  
    Where, in our mother's bosom, soft and deep,  
    Our limbs are laid in the beloved sleep  
    And into their primeval dust restored !  
To sleep straight on, from earth's convulsions free  
    And heaven's disturbance and the restless wave  
    Of ocean surging in its ceaseless roar,  
While all the generations yet to be  
    March in successive ages o'er the grave  
    Wherein we sleep, or slept, for evermore !

## XI

Ay ! but our mortal minds are far too weak,  
And our poor human hearts are much too warm  
To be consoled with philosophic balm,  
Or slumber in an attitude so meek.  
To touch, to see, to listen, and to speak,  
To gaze once more on the familiar form,  
To lean again on the beloved arm,  
To lay the hand in hand, the cheek to cheek,  
These are from life inseparable. Touch  
And sight and speech and hearing are the ties  
That bind us to the future : these deny,  
And our eternal feebleness is such  
That we should only be too glad to die,  
That we should only be too grieved to rise !



## XII

NEED we surrender all our treasured heap  
Of savings and of earnings and the store  
Bequeathed us by our parents gone before,  
With long procession of the saints asleep  
In sure and certain confidence to reap  
Their joyful harvest on a heavenly shore?  
And are the hopes of ages, now no more,  
Burst all like noiseless bubbles in the deep,  
The light unquenched, unquenchable, that made  
Life tolerable, and of its sharp sting  
Robbed death, and of its victory the grave?  
And is it all a visionary thing,  
And life a mere unmeaning masquerade  
And we but seaweed floating on the wave?

## XIII

Is all the old Apocalypse a dream ?

The heavenly city and the great white throne,

The majesty of Him who sits thereon

O'er sun and moon and stars and earth supreme ?

The gates with pearl, the streets with gold that gleam,

The harpers harping and the trumpets blown,

The chanting of a song before unknown,

The voice of many waters by the stream

Where white-robed multitudes adoring swing

Their golden censers, wave triumphant palms

Beside the margin of the glassy sea,

And rest not day nor night, but ever sing

Ten thousand times ten thousand thousand psalms

To Him who was, and is, and is to be ?

## XIV

THE night is dark, the midnight gale is sighing,  
The white of winter shrouds the landscape o'er,  
While nearer sounds the cataract's dull roar.  
The voices of the past, or dead or dying,  
Across our melancholy minds are flying  
With memories of the thoughts that are no more,  
Entreating us to linger by the shore  
Where all our little barks have long been lying.  
How frail soe'er the ancient cable be,  
How bleak soe'er the coast to which we cling,  
We fear to quit the haven that we know,  
To drift away upon that awful sea  
Where philosophic sirens softly sing  
Their pæans over whitening bones below !

## Farewell!

*The Bromley bells are borne upon the breeze,  
 The great clouds go from Knockholt to the Thames,  
 The western firmament is bright with flames,  
 Where sinks the April sun amid the trees,  
 While birds are ceasing from their minstrelsies,  
 Save nightingales low-piping to their dames,  
 Or some sad owl that fitfully proclaims  
 His concert with our parting elegies!*

*Farewell, sweet hill, where we have lived so long!  
 O Ravensbourne, that laves our citadel  
 With wood and lawn and landscape ever blest!*

*Farewell, dear friends! but O ye few fare best  
 Whom we have loved with love too deep and strong  
 Ever to say to you the word 'Farewell!'*

PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
LONDON





YB 13659

396058

*Acton*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



